



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ness. In one of his southern excursions, being detached from his band and alone, he fell in with a party of horse troops, and was pursued for many miles. He ran towards Gortmore cave, and the troopers pressing close upon him as he reached the fearful cliffs that overhang the broad Black-water, he bounded at a spring from a rock to the opposite bank; his pursuers durst not follow him. A woman who witnessed this extraordinary feat, exclaimed, in the Irish tongue,—“How great is thy leap, O! man of wonder;” and he quaintly replied—“It is trifling, compared with the length of the run.”

Being seized with a violent fever in a wild district to the west of Mill-street, he was betrayed by his nurse-tender.—O’Keefe was yet unable to quit his bed, when the hovel to which he was confined was surrounded by armed men;—he was wrapped in his blanket and laid upon a cart, to which he was fastened down by strong ropes. The soldiers concluded he was dying, and were the less watchful of their prisoner.—Upon reaching Mallow he cut the cords that held him down with the sword which lay close at his side during his illness and which the soldiers had not perceived as they bore him from the bed. His sudden rush from the cart and the bright flashing of his steel, filled them with astonishment; and in the moment of their irresolution and dismay he effected his escape.

At length the hour that was to terminate the career of this extraordinary man approached. A person in whom he reposed great trust, unable to resist the rewards offered for his apprehension, invited O’Keefe to partake of his hospitality, that he might betray his guest. This man communicated his intention to his wife, who used every means of persuasion to induce him to forego his base design, but in vain— and upon leaving home for the purpose of bringing a strong party to seize O’Keefe, he bound her on oath to conceal the treachery from the confiding outlaw. In the course of some time, O’Keefe finding himself thirsty, desired to drink, and his hostess brought a draught of new-milk. Upon his expressing a wish to have the draught warmed, she pointedly said—“*Má’s maith leat a bheith buan caith fuar agus teith.*” * The ambiguity of these words which equally mean “to drink hot and cold,” or “to drink and flee,” excited his attention: he flung the bowl to the earth—drew his well-tried sword and rushed from the house—but the red coats had that moment arrived, and a well-aimed bullet cut short his speed and his life.

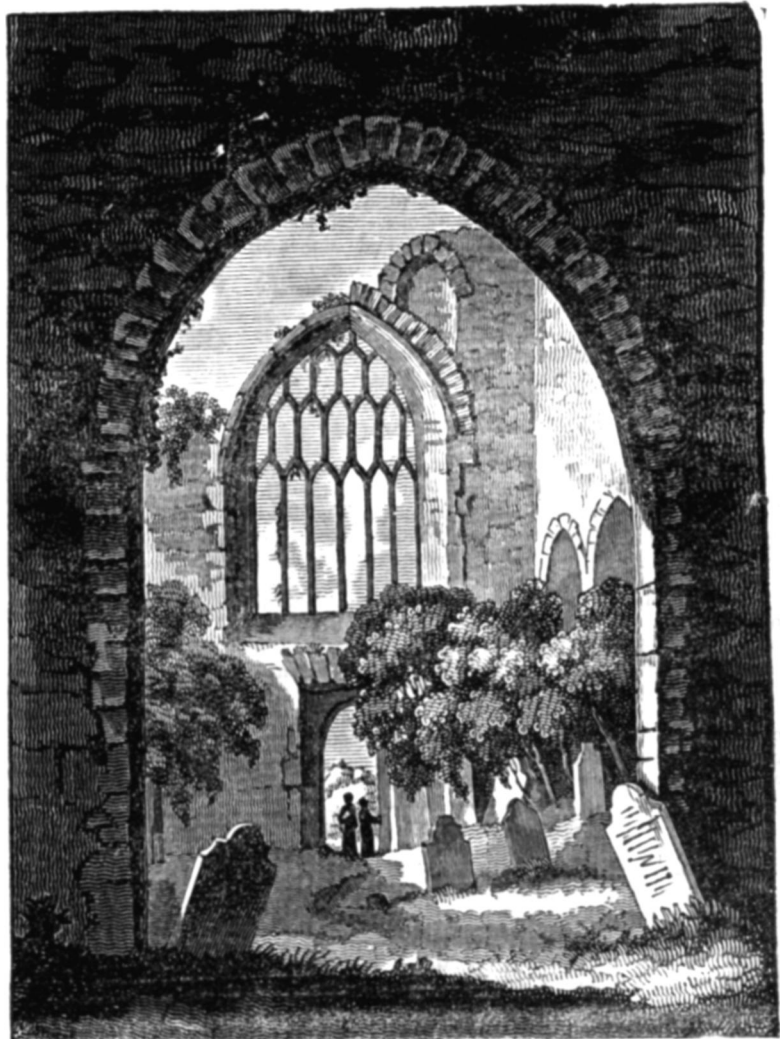
W.

* This proverb is amongst those given in our 20th Number, accompanied by a note, which tells the story somewhat differently from our correspondent W.

THE ABBEY OF HOLY-CROSS, COUNTY OF TIPPERARY.

The celebrated Abbey of Holy Cross, has been introduced to the readers’ notice in our 42d number, in which we have given a view of the beautiful tomb there, which is supposed to be that of its founder. We now proceed to lay before our readers a more detailed account of its history.

This magnificent ruin, which is generally considered as one of the finest remains of the pointed style of architecture in Ireland, is situated on the river Suir, about two miles below Thurles. It was originally founded in the year 1182, for Cistercian monks, by Donald O’Brien, King of Limerick, and not by his son, Donogh Cairbreach, as stated by Archdall, Ledwich, Gough, and other compilers, as may be seen from the foundation charter, which still exists, and is given at length in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, beginning thus: “Donald, by the grace of God, King of Limerick, to all Kings, Dukes, Earls, Barons, Knights, and Christians of whatsoever degree throughout Ireland, perpetual greeting in Christ.” This Charter is signed by Christian, Bishop of Lismore, Legate of the Holy See, in Ireland; M. Archbishop of Cashel, and B. Bishop of Limerick. According to Mr. O’Halloran, in his “Introduction to the History and Antiquities of Ireland,” the abbey was erected in honor of a piece of the true cross, which Pope Pascal II., about the year 1110, sent as a present to Murtough, monarch of Ireland, and which was covered with gold and set with precious stones. For this fact, however, no historical evidence has as yet been adduced; but it is not improbable that a present of this kind was made to one of the Munster Kings by the Papal See, as we have notices in our annals of the same period, of presents to some of the other Pro-



H. Hill, Esq.

View of the Abbey of Holy Cross.

Clayton.

vincial Kings of Ireland, of supposed pieces of the cross; and it is certain that a relic of this description has been preserved with reverence in this abbey from a very remote period, and exists even to this day. On this account, as

it appears, it was from its very foundation endowed with peculiar privileges and very extensive possessions and the original charter of the founder was confirmed in 1186, by King John during his visit to Ireland, as appears by the following record of the 20th of Edward I. (A. D. 1320.)

“Edward, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Aquitaine, to all to whom these presents shall come Greeting. Know ye, That brother Thomas, abbot of the church of Mary of the Holy Cross, near Cashel, came into our Chancery of Ireland the day after the feast of Michael the Archangel, in the 13th year of our reign, at Cashel, and exhibited in our said Chancery a certain charter not cancelled, nor in any respect vitiated, under the seal of John, formerly Lord of Ireland and Earl of Morton, in these words:

“John, Lord of Ireland and Earl of Morton, to all Justices, Barons, &c., as well French as English, Welsh and Irish, and all other liege men of Ireland, Greeting. Know ye, That, for the love of God, and for the salvation of my own, and the souls of my predecessors and successors, I have granted and given, and by those presents do grant and give, to God and the blessed Mary of the Holy Cross, and to the Cistercian monks serving God there, in free pure and perpetual alms, the underwritten lands, as fully and freely as Donnald O’Brian, King of Lymbrick, gave and granted, and by his charter confirmed, to the Cistercian monks of the Holy Cross; to wit: Keltaterlamunu, Ballydubal, Ballydugin, Ballygirryr, Ballymoyletohin, and Ballytheloth, Gardath, Ballaschelagh, Ballythoughtal and Ithologin. These lands I have given for the salvation of my soul, and those of my predecessors and successors, and for the souls of my soldiers who lie there. To enjoy peaceably, with all liberties and free customs, without any secular exactions, in fields, ways, forests, fisheries, &c., I have also granted, that they shall be free from all mulcts in My courts, for what cause soever they shall be amerced, and also free of all toll whatever; they shall also sell or buy, for their own use, throughout my land of Normandy, England, Wales and Ireland; and that their lands be not put in plevine. Witnesses, A. bishop of Ferns; John de Courcey, de Angulo, Riddell, Chancellor; and David of Wales.”

The charter of John was also confirmed by King Henry the Third, in 1233, who, on the 30th of September, took this house into his royal protection, and renewed that protection in 1224; and subsequently, as we have already stated, by King Edward III., in 1320, and by King Richard II., in 1395.

In a general Chapter of the Order, in 1249, the abbey was subjected by the Abbot of Clairvaux, to that of Furness, in Lancashire.

This abbey is said to have been a daughter of the abbey of Nenagh, or Maig, in the County of Limerick; and the abbot, who was a baron of parliament, was styled Earl of Holy-Cross, the lands of the abbey being an earldom, distinguished by the name of the County of the Holy Cross of Tipperary, and which enjoyed, as Camden informs us, “peculiar privileges, in honour of a piece of our Lord’s cross formerly kept there.” He was also usually vicar-general of the Cistercian order in Ireland.

William O’Dwyer was the last abbot; and in the fifth of Elizabeth, the abbey and its extensive possessions, were granted to Thomas, (not Gerald, as Archdall and Ledwich state,) Earl of Ormond, *in capite*, at the annual rent of £15 10s. 4d.

It appears from Camden, and other writers, that the crowd of persons who thronged to this abbey from reverence to the holy relic preserved there, was incredible; nor were these persons exclusively of the lower or middle ranks of society, but included the greatest nobility of the land. In 1559, the great O’Neil made a pilgrimage here, as did one of the Desmonds in 1579.

We have already stated that this identical piece of the cross still exists; it is in the possession of the Roman Catholic clergy of the place, and is described by Doctor Milner as being about two inches and a half long, and about half an inch broad, but very thin. It is inserted in the lower shaft of an archiepiscopal cross made of some curious wood, and inclosed in a gilt case. We shall give a drawing of it in a future number. The Doctor also informs us that this relic was preserved from sacrilege in the reign of Henry VIII. by the Ormond family, and by them transmitted to the family of Kavenagh, a surviving descendant of which has deposited it in the hands of its present keepers.

We have limited ourselves, in the present notice, exclusively to the history of this great monastery; but we shall return speedily to this interesting abbey, with further illustrations, and an accurate description of its architectural details,—our present view, which represents the least striking portion of the building, namely the nave, being wholly insufficient to give a just idea of the extent, grandeur, and variety of those magnificent ruins. P.

ON THE DUTY OF SELF-EXERTION.

(FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.)

I had lately occasion to enter the house, or rather cabin, of an extremely indolent poor woman, whose characteristic habits I shall endeavour to illustrate by the conversation which took place between us.

MR. DOYLE. I am sorry to see your house so dirty, Catty; how does this happen?

CATTY. Why then, Mr. Doyle—will you be sated, sir? (wiping a dirty chair with her dirty apron, and offering it to me,) ’twas the fault of that unlucky pig beyant there, that wouldn’t be satisfied to ate his dinner in the bawn, but must insist on coming into the flure—bad manners to him—and I can’t keep it clane with him. But indeed the *bonneen* wouldn’t thrive outside in the cold, any how.

MR. D. But, Catty, if you had accustomed him to feed in the little pig-yard, his own proper place, this familiarity on his part would have been prevented; it is your own slovenly habit and disposition that causes all this irregularity; besides, instead of cleaning your floor after the intrusion of your unseemly guest, I find you squatting at your ease over the remains of a fire, with a pipe in your mouth, which you endeavoured to hide from me by popping it, lighted as it was, into your pocket.

CATTY. (Smiling, yet blushing at being caught in the unfeminine employment of smoking.) Indeed, sir, the truth is the best; I was smoking a little to ease my heart of the water-flash that bothers it, and the pipe is a great comfort to a poor body in hardship, and I was thinking all the time that the pipe was betune my teeth, and the pig forement me, ateing the *lock* of skins, that he’d soon be atther putting clothes on myself and the childer, let alone the one that’s coming, and wasn’t that a comfort to me?

MR. D. Now, Catty, answer me these questions. Why have you so long put off the preparation for your confinement?

CATTY. Why, then, I was thinking there was time enough yet; *God is good*, and won’t take a poor body short. And besides, I’m no great hand at the needle, if I had the *makings* itself.

MR. D. God is good, assuredly, and we should all trust in his goodness; but such trust as you have—that your lying-in will not occur until it is your own convenience to be prepared for it, is a *false dependence*, and an insult to that goodness which you profess to respect; and your *indolence* is inexcusable in expecting that assistance will come to you unsought and undeserved. You must *exert* yourself as far as you can, to meet and provide for your wants and exigencies of all kinds, and then you may safely trust to God for the rest.

CATTY. That’s very true for you, sir. But supposing I had the *fitings* itself, how would I make them up?

MR. D. It’s a great shame, Catty, that you are ignorant of such matters yourself; it is unpardonable for a woman not to understand something of needlework. Your mother must have been negligent with respect to your *education*.

CATTY. In troth, my mother was as good to me as she was able, but she was too poor and hard set to send me to school, and she knew nothing herself about what belongs to needle-work, and we had no free-schools then, and good ladies to look after us—and many a heavy hour, sure enough, it would have passed over for me, if I had the needle edication itself.

MR. D. (Glad to escape from a dissertation on a subject which he was not very well up to.) Instead of it, you occupy your idle hours in smoking.

CATTY. A trifle of the tobacco is what I can’t by no means do without. But sure a pen’north at a time is no great extravagance?